

Snow

My steps leave nothing alone, press and
press, to make the snow groan beneath
my feet. The trains still come, up on
the hill, clouding the rails with snow
like the fast retreat of horses, or
romance. Down here, my old self keeps on
going. So many kinds of love have passed
through me like the blue overhead spark
of trains, the way it flies along
the wires and leaves them still. Each
time I have come back to myself prickly
and muffled among the essential forms
of snow. I used to follow my father's
feet : I have been lonely since, and maybe
I was lonely then. A flag of some buried
gift has remained like a twig, the lost
whistle of it struck up from snow. I
keep making these tracks as if they
mattered, as if circling and digging, I
could scent out the portal home. Always,
the snow has stung like a longing.

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